THOMAS COUNTY CAT.

E. P. WORCESTER & CO., Publishers

COLBY, - - - - - - KANSAS

ON THE COAST.

My little boy, heroic wise,
Lures me with boyish taunt and boast
To where the snow-clad hills arise
And reckless urchins swiftly coast.

Why not? Again I am a boy,
I am his brother, not his sire;
His steel-shod sled our mutual toy,
His wishes echo my desire.

Down sweeping flights, with merry cheers,
We fly, as swallows skim the shore;
I throw away full thirty years,
And I am ten again; no more.

My boyish pride comes back to me,
My boyhood's skill and courage, too.
I bid the Prince stand back and see
The way that papa used to do.

Alone I climb the highest hill
And poise the sled upon its brow;
In wonder lost the Prince stands st ill,
And listens for my warning "Now!"

Swifter than winged thought I fly,
And when my flight is nearly through,
A "Thank you marm" lifts me on high,
Into the air a mile or two.

And down that dizzy, reeling track,
Like twenty men and sleds I go,
While up my legs and down my back
Packs fifteen thousand pounds of snow.

I crawl out to the light again
And feebly share the Prince's fun;
For something tells my buzzing brain
That I am really forty-one.

And so I say, so late it's grown,
That I must hurry home to tea;
While Robbie, coasting down alone,
Shouts: "'Fraid cat! 'Fraid cat!" after me.

—*R. J. Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.*

A BORDER TALE.

How Jennie Moor Prevented a Comanche Massacre.

In 1860 the settlers along the banks of the "Big Witchita," in Western Texas, had been excited to a pitch bordering on frenzy. For a long time the Comanche Indians had been committing depredations of a fearful character, and it was evident that an open warfare must ensue. The savages must be exterminated, or nearly so, else the white settlers would be driven away from their homes or butchered upon their thresholds. A settlement of some thirty cabins had been formed upon the banks of the beautiful "Big Witchita," and for its protection and the safety of its inhabitants in the case of an attack, a block-house had been erected on the banks of the stream. It was a strong building, surrounded by a high stockade fence, and from within a handful of brave, determined men could defend themselves against a large number of their savage foes. It was well supplied with provisions and ammunition. The settlers had been constantly expecting an attack, and were busily engaged in removing the women and children and light articles of household goods. Scarcely had the settlers, with their families, secured themselves within the stockaded fort when the scouts came, in bearing the remains of one of their neighbors, who had lived some three miles to the westward. The body had been horribly mutilated, but was recognized to be that of Albert Fenton, a gentleman esteemed by all who knew him. He had left home a few hours before to look after his horses, and this was all that remained to tell the story of his murder. Revenge was pictured upon every face, and each hand clasped tighter the rifle it held. Then the shout burst forth: "Death to the Red Devils! Death to the Comanches!"

"And so say I," repeated Colonel Wilber Manning. "But we must act with caution, boys; they are strong; we are weak at present, but I think the Rangers who are coming to join us will be here to-morrow. They are in camp ten miles down the valley now. We must all remain in the stockade to-night. When the Rangers get here we will march into the very heart of the enemy's country, and with rifles and knife teach the red fiends a lesson they will never forget."

A wild cheer followed this brief address, and scarcely had the echoes died awayinthe grand old forest when the wild shrieks of women and children were heard, as they came running out of the block house in the wildest confusion and fright, running in all directions to escape a fury that the settlers had not seen; but they understood at once that the savages were at their fiendish work. The flying women were met and questioned. They stated that the savages had got within the stockade unobserved, while the settlers were viewing the remains of Fenton, and were even then setting fire to the block-house. That this was true now became apparent to all, for the flames were seen to leap up, inclosing the main building within the stockade.

"Forward, men; look well to your arms," commanded Colonel Manning.

In a few moments they had reached the main building, which was now a burning mass. It was found impossible to save it, so completely was the building encircled in the devouring element, having evidently been ignited at many places at the same time. But the Indians who had succeeded in entering had departed as quickly as they came, knowing that certain death would follow their capture within the stockade. All their provisions and almost all of their ammunition was destroyed by the flames. The savages for once had completely outwitted them. Something must be done or they were lost. They knew that they were surrounded by hundreds of Comanches, who only waited for nightfall to make an attack, knowing that the settlers could not hold out long against such superior numbers without assistance. If Captain Ford's Rangers only knew of their danger they could reach them in time.

"There is but one plan of relief," said Colonel Manning. "To-night some one must go through that stretch of woods," pointing to the forest, "and down the valley to Ford's Rangers."

"But it is five miles through the forest," said one, "and it's swarming with Indians. We are completely surrounded, and 'twould be certain death."

"I think not," growled the old Colonel. "I've been in forests twenty miles wide and Indians thick as hops all around me."

"It isn't the danger, Colonel; our boys have been too well tried on that score for us to question will or bravery," spoke Captain Moor. "But it will be certain death to those unacquainted with the forest, the fiendish arts of the Indians, and, above all, their language. I do not know of a man who can speak the Comanche language that's fitted to go otherwise."

"I will go," said a clear, firm voice.

All looked in mute surprise at the speaker, Jennie Moor. Jennie's father (then quite old) had lived long on the border, and she had no remembrance of other home than the border. She could ride the wildest mustang, handle the rifle skillfully or drive a canoe across the rushing waters of the Big Witchita, equal to a Comanche brave, and, from years of friendly intercourse with Solemn Face, a medicine squaw, could speak their language fluently. Jennie was fearless as a warrior, yet as tender and sympathetic as a maiden could be. Yet all looked in astonishment at Jennie, who, resting her clasped hands on her father's shoulder, turned a composed glance at the group of anxious settlers standing near.

"You need all the men you have here to-night. I can make the journey more safely and more surely than any one present. I know the forest perfectly; can speak the Indian jargon as well as I can English, and would rather risk my life in the forest to-night than remain in the stockade, for if one of the men is sent for help we are lost, for he will be captured without doubt."

"But what will save you also from capture?" questioned her father.

"God and my own judgment," answered Jennie. "I will personate Solemn Face, the medicine squaw, who died four months ago. To-night it will be easy to work upon their superstition, and pass the Indian sentries and camp as Solemn Face."

Captain Moor folded her in his arms, saying: "Go, then, my child, and may God go with you and bring you safe again to your old father's arms."

"Amen," responded all present, deeply moved.

They all knew that if any one could succeed in the task it would be Jennie. So after a hearty "God-speed" from those present she wended her way to her cabin to make the necessary preparations for the hazardous journey on which so many lives depended. Solemn Face was Jennie's fac simile in all but hair and complexion, Jennie inheriting the bright yellow hair and pure rose complexion from her Scotch ancestors; while the squaw possessed a rare combination found in the Saxon race, uniting the dusky hair and complexion of her Indian mother with the deep-blue eyes and delicate features of her English father, who had been a trader among the Indians. Solemn Face held a high place among the savages from her superior intelligence. They believed her to be gifted with some supernatural power. From childhood she had hated the pale-face, Jennie being the only one she would speak to. Jennie was soon made ready with dye and dress, and at the gloaming stood ready by the gate. The moment came and amid tears of women and the silent agony of her father, she went out in the deep darkness, undaunted by the dangerous journey. She knew in reason she would have to pass near the Indian encampment. That she might secure Solemn Face's pony, the beautiful little horse had been trained to obey her call as readily as it would its own mistress.

She pressed on steadily through the deep, dark underbrush, when her quick ear caught the stealthy tread of something, either brute or human, in the bushes near her. She stood still. Against human foes she felt that she was proof, but she had no argument with which to meet a panther. Suddenly, with a quick bound, an animal reached her side, and looking down she saw Solemn Face's dog, a magnificent hound, crawling at her feet. A swift, silent prayer went up from her heart for this new protection, for the dog trotted along obediently by her side, obeying her slightest call. She knew the Indian encampment must be near, and, knowing Solemn Face's habits, called the dog and moved boldly forward, and in a few moments stood in the light of the camp-fires of the Comanches.

The warriors let fall their rifles with a prolonged simultaneous "Ugh," and prostrated themselves flat on the ground, believing Solemn Face stood among them in the spirit. Shaking her long hair, dyed a deep black, over her face and shoulders, she halted among them, and, touching one of the nearest warriors with her foot, she bade him rise. Then pointing to the sky and suddenly flinging her arms tragically toward the fort, imitating Solemn Face's actions and words, she said: "Go tell your Chief Warlopa that the Great Spirit sends me from the happy hunting-grounds to advise him with words of wisdom. Tell him to see the clouds floating like steeds above the breeze; it will storm to-night, and that he must not attack the pale-face until he hears Solemn Face sing the death-song; then he can succeed. Tell Warlopa to obey Monitow. I have spoken." Then turning quickly she was soon lost in the forest.

A hundred yards farther on she came to an Indian sentinel guarding the horses. She addressed him in a quick tone of command, saying: "Monitow sends me to you; bring me my horse. I have spoken."

Soon the Indian, trembling with fear, led Solemn Face's pony to her side. Mounting, she bounded away in the darkness, the faithful dog at her side. To make matters worse, a tempestuous night set in. The rain now descended in torrents, but on rode the weary girl, never quailing beneath the heavy rain or flinching from the terrific roar of heaven's artillery. She now emerged from the timber and rode down the prairie valley like wild fire, and soon thought that she must be nearing the camp of Captain Ford's Rangers.

Suddenly the sharp click of a rifle-lock, and the low challenge: "Who goes there?" answered by the sullen growl of her dog, told her that her journey was ended. Another moment and the dog with a fierce growl sprang at the Ranger's throat; a short struggle and the dog lay dead at the Ranger's feet, a knife having found a vital part. Sliding from her pony, she had no power to stand alone, but fell fainting to the ground.

The Ranger, bending over her, was surprised to see an Indian squaw, but applying brandy to her lips she soon recovered, and in a moment more the Rangers had surrounded her, to whom she made herself known and the dangerous condition of those left in the stockade. Half an hour later a hundred Texas Rangers were riding swiftly to the rescue of the little settlement, and just after midnight rode up to the gates of the stockade. Not an Indian could be seen. The Indian scouts had noted the advance of the Rangers long before they arrived, and had left in haste, forgetting to wait for the signal (the death song) of Solemn Face. Jennie Moore became the heroine of the border. Although she has long slept in her grave beneath the forest trees where the stockaded block-house used to stand, she lives in the memory and hearts of those whom she saved from the scalping-knife of the Comanches.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

SAIL-SKATING.

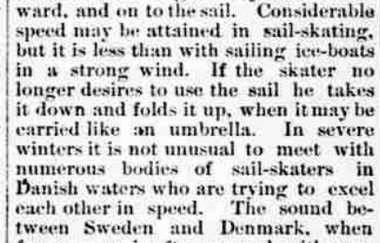
A Popular Pastime Among the Inhabitants of Denmark.

When the ports of the Baltic are closed by ice in the winter the inhabitants of the Danish islands and coasts take to sail-skating, a pastime which besides serves to keep up communication between them. The sport requires much skill, and sail-skating can be learned only after a great deal of practice. When once acquired, however, it affords keen pleasure, and those practicing it feel as if they were actually flying through the air, especially if there is a good breeze blowing. The sail used is in two parts, and formed of a light but strong fabric, stretched over a wooden frame carried on the back by the skater. The center cross-piece, which is placed at the height of the shoulders, is fastened round the body by bands crossing the breast and passing round the waist, so that they can be tied in front. Cross-pieces attached to the lower corners of the sail are held by the skater crosswise, by which he is able to trim the sail and steer himself by it. If the skater desires to be carried along by the wind he must stand upright, without, however, stiffening the body too much, and bending backward according to the force of the wind. Practice, as in other cases, makes perfect, and enables the skater to utilize the whole force of the wind. If the latter is too strong the topsail is lowered, which moderates the impulse derived from the sail. By inclining the sail in one direction or the other the skater may tack to starboard or larboard. When it is desired to run against the wind, by skating in the usual way, the sail is folded up, and the body bent in such a way that the sail no longer offers a purchase to the wind. To make the return journey the sail is again unfolded. If the skater sustains a fall he generally falls backward, and on to the sail. Considerable speed may be attained in sail-skating, but it is less than with sailing ice-boats in a strong wind. If the skater no longer desires to use the sail he takes it down and folds it up, when it may be carried like an umbrella. In severe winters it is not unusual to meet with numerous bodies of sail-skaters in Danish waters who are trying to excel each other in speed. The sound between Sweden and Denmark, when frozen over, is often crossed with ease by parties of skaters on pleasure bent, using the wind while it lasts. The sportsmen of Copenhagen often use this means of locomotion when they wish to reach rapidly spots where wild duck and geese have been observed.—*Chicago Interior.*

CARD ETIQUETTE.

Fashionable Washington Wrinkles That Are Puzzling to Strangers.

The etiquette of cards at Washington puzzles many strangers. The sizes and styles of cards are governed by the season, and autographs or written cards, one authority states, are to be used only among intimate friends. A married lady should always use the prefix "Mrs.," and she should always use her husband's name. The use of her own name is an indication that she is a widow. The corners of ladies' cards in Washington usually contain their residences and their calling day. It is common for a lady to take her husband's card with her, and it is by card that half of the calls of Senators and Representatives are made. The ladies do the calling. The custom of turning down cards prevails here to a larger extent than in any other parts of the United States. To one who understands the language of the turned corner there is considerable advantage in it. The following diagram will illustrate it:



The signification of a card received with either of the corners turned as above indicated means: Visite, a social call; conge, a visit of leave-taking; condolence, a visit of sympathy; felicitation, a visit of congratulation. Turning down the whole right end of the card shows that the visit is intended for all receiving. This explanation will be news to many, and we have known girls to lie awake at night wondering why certain Senators' wives turned down the ends of their cards and others did not.—*Harper's Bazar.*

—The story is told that a Chicago lawyer jumped up in court the other day and exclaimed: "I desire to pay this court five dollars for the privilege of telling it that it is either drunk or corrupt!" The judge quietly pocketed the five dollars and ordered the case to proceed.

A CHINESE YARN.

How Ah Yah Made the Pudding Exactly Like the Steward.

Many amusing stories have been told of the tendencies to and power, of, imitation possessed by the Chinese. There is the tale of the naval officer giving a pair of trousers to a Chinese tailor in Hong Kong with instructions to make an exact duplicate out of cloth he selected. When the new garment was produced it had a patch on the leg "alle same oller pair." And then there is the time-honored narrative of the Mongolian painter who made an exact copy of a likeness given him, including the rent in the canvass of the original picture. But here is one that never has been published, and whose incidents came under the writer's eyes.

When the good ship N. B. Palmer touched Shanghai in her voyage of 1870 Captain Charles P. Low discharged his second steward and superseded him with a Chinese boy name Ah Yah. The steward, George Stewart by name, was in his seventy-second year—and, by the way, was making his fifty-third voyage between New York and China—and had to, on account of his old age, put many tasks on his assistant that the first steward generally performs. Old George had been in Low's employ for many years, and was retained in the service largely on that account. One day when the Palmer was plowing through the Indian ocean on her passage home, George undertook to teach Ah Yah how to make a pudding for the cabin table. He stationed the Chinese boy alongside of him in front of the table in the pantry. Before them was a tin baking dish, into which George would place the ingredients of the desserts, explaining as best he could to his protege, who as yet could comprehend only little of even pigeon English, what he did and why he did it. The condensed milk was diluted, the raisins carefully picked, the sugar dexterously sprinkled and so on. When the eggs were cracked on the side of the pan, George tried to make Ah Yah understand that as they had been laid a long time, and were not in every instance preserved in perfection by the salt they were packed in, he must be careful to test each one before it went into the pan. He would crack the egg, place it to his nose, and if good, would empty the contents of the shell into the mess, and if bad, throw it away into a slop bucket. Ah Yah stood motionless, but observant, until the pudding was prepared for baking. Then he smiled indolently, and declared: "Me can do allee samee."

George determined to try him, and next day gave him the articles necessary to a full-grown pudding. Ah Yah took up a position almost in George's footprints of the day before, and George leaned against the counter at the end of the pantry, and watched him. The boy handled the milk, raisins, sugar, flour, bread and the rest with a cleverness that interested the old steward. The eggs the learner broke on the edge of the pan, just as George had done, smelled of every one, threw several away and put the others where they belonged. When the boy was through, the steward was satisfied that a good job had been performed, and that his scholar was apt as the quickest of his countrymen.

Ah Yah bore his triumph forward to the galley to have it baked. He handed the dish to the cook, a hot-blooded West Indian, who was about to place it in the oven, when, all of a sudden, as he leaned over the oven door, he uttered some remarkably profane language, and inquired in the same tone what old George meant by sending him a stinking thing like that to cook in his galley. He would endure all the fire of the wicked hereafter before he would put it into his stove, and said more things to the same effect. Ah Yah did not know much English, but there was no mistaking, in the very atmosphere of the place about this time, that something was very wrong about that pudding. Henry, the cook, after relieving his mind temporarily by his outburst of indignation, stalked aft and into the pantry, demanding to know why he should be insulted by having sent to him a pudding made of rotten eggs. George was astonished. He placed his nostrils over the dish, and found, sure enough, that at least two or three bad eggs had gone into the pudding. The old man was at loss what to say, but he almost apologized to the "doctor" in explaining how narrowly he had observed the Chinese boy in his operations, and how he was sure that Ah Yah had tested every egg before using it. There was only an impromptu dessert for the cabin that day.

The steward thought about the disaster for several days. Then he decided to give Ah Yah another trial. The same routine was gone through, with the same caution—and the same result. Again the pudding was sour. Old George was fairly dumfounded, and finally got mad. He would teach that Chinaman to make a pudding or die. He tried again and again. One day he caught on to the fact that Ah Yah invariably used up seventeen eggs, throwing away five. Other attempts revealed the fact that Ah Yah each time threw away the fourth, eighth, eleventh and sixteenth egg. At last the mystery was explained. Old George nearly cracked his cheeks with laughter, and rushed into the Captain's room with the story. Ah Yah was summoned before the Captain, and solemnly interrogated as to why he should not be punished for wasting so many of the ship's eggs. The now terrified boy, holding up his fingers, exclaimed: "My makee pluddin' alee samee Gog. No smashee sleventee egg. Tiline—flour, sleben, eight, leben and sixtee—no good—throw away. My makee alee samee Gog."

Ah Yah was not punished.—*Hartford Times.*

Two men called up the telegraph operator at East Weymouth, Mass., and got him to go to the depot at midnight in order to send a telegram. As he entered the station the men drew revolvers and demanded the money in the safe, knowing it temporarily contained a large amount. Quick as a flash the operator whipped out a pistol and "got the drop" upon the would-be robbers, who fled in terror.—*N. Y. Sun.*

TICKET BROKERS.

Something About the Way in Which "Dealers" Conduct This Business.

Upon the door of a room in the McKnight building, Louisville, Ky., there is the following inscription: "The American Ticket Brokers' Association." This is the headquarters of an organization with a membership of one hundred and fifty, operating in ninety-three of the principal cities and railroad centers of the United States. This association has controlled the enormous sale of $24,000,000 worth of railway tickets in one year, and the gross sales of one broker alone footed up $1,200,000. The actual working capital of the association is about $750,000. Its affairs are conducted by an executive committee of five, located in New York, Buffalo, Chicago, Davenport and Kansas City.

All routine business, however, is conducted by the secretary and general manager, who was yesterday found inside the room mentioned, up to his ears in a mass of correspondence which he was disposing of as rapidly as possible, with the aid of a stenographer and a type-writer.

The brokers claim to occupy the position of middlemen who sell goods on commission. They buy tickets from the companies as wanted by customers and the supply is unlimited. They keep a record of sales and report the same monthly to the general officers of the companies, who in turn pay a regular commission for such services. By dividing this commission with their customers they are thus enabled to sell below the established rates.

"It is claimed," said a reporter, "that your business is an excrescence of the regular passenger business, caused by rate wars and a lack of harmony among the different railroads, and has no legitimate connection with the business proper so long as unanimity and peace prevail. Is this true?"

"It is the reverse of true. There was a time when the railways would put out large blocks of tickets during rate wars, which were bought up by speculators to be resold when rates were restored, but this is rarely done now. The broker is the product of a commercial necessity, and the system of brokerage, rightly understood and managed, should and does have a tendency to prevent rate wars. Railway passenger transportation is a merchantable commodity and is worth in an open market just what it will bring. When two or more competing lines between common points offer to sell transportation between these points there are bound to be inequalities which can not be reconciled. To fix an equal and arbitrary price for such transportation and expect an equal equitable division of traffic is to attempt an impossibility."

"What proportion of the passenger business of the country do the ticket brokers handle?"

"It is impossible to give the figures. The association last year handled upward of $20,000,000 worth of business, but this covered the entire country, and, I believe, no estimate has been made of the amount handled by the railways."

"What reason can a trunk-line have for paying you a commission as long as the business is pooled, and each will receive its allotted proportion anyhow?" asked the reporter.

"None whatever, if the pool is rightcously lived up to. But, as I have already stated, the lines earning an excess of their allottment have never paid any of it over to the weaker lines, and probably never will if they can cover it up from the commission. Then, if the weaker lines do not earn their percentages, as will inevitably happen, there will be another adjustment to which they will not submit. If the weaker lines find they are not earning their percentage they will inevitably secretly ignore the pool and work with the brokers."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Spontaneous Gratitude.

Scene in a street car—Seats all occupied. Enter young lady. Young gentleman rises and offers his place. Young lady slams down into it.

Young gentleman (inquiringly)—"I beg pardon?"

Young lady glances at him silently.

Young gentleman unbuttons his overcoat and produces an audiphone. Grasping it firmly in his teeth he bends forward in bland but resolute expectancy.

Young lady gives up the struggle, yells "Thank—s-s-s!" and leaves the car at the next crossing.—*News-Letter.*

—The bandmaster of the flagship Lancaster, who died of yellow fever recently at Rio de Janeiro, had a presentiment of his death, so it is said, and when the ship was ordered to South America he tried to get his discharge, declaring that it had been revealed to him that if he went there he would fall a victim to the disease. The Lancaster had been in the harbor of Rio only a short time when he was taken ill, and, being sent to the hospital on shore, died there. So far as was known, there was no yellow fever in the city at the time, and the only other case on the Lancaster was that of a comrade who kissed the bandmaster as he was being taken ashore. He, too, died.

—The French have looked with alarm upon the steady export of Percheron horses to the United States; but the most prominent breeders there now say that the progeny of these horses raised in the United States are an improvement upon their sires, and that it is profitable to reimport. It is known that Napoleon III. used to import Percheron horses from Vermont for the post chaises which he used so much.

—A servant girl at Buffalo has been arrested for attempting to burn her master's house because she was not allowed to go to a party with the family. She put the children to bed and soon after a man servant discovered that the lamp in the bed-room had been overturned and the house set on fire. He extinguished the flames, but not long after discovered a similar attempt in the pantry.—*Buffalo Express.*

—Bronze figures always look larger than they really are; the reverse is the case with marble, terra-cotta and alabaster.—*Chicago Times.*

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Baron Tennyson says that Edgar Poe is the literary glory of America.

—Ex-Senator Davis, of West Virginia, has given ten thousand dollars towards a high-school at Piedmont.

—It was John C. Calhoun who said that "only two men were created equal, and one of them was a woman."

—A negro girl living near Camilla, Ga., answers to the name of Mamie Queen Victoria Southern Belle Atlantic Beauty Baker.

—Colonel A. H. Markland, who was the head of the army mail-service during the war, is preparing a book of stories and reminiscences illustrating the lighter side of the great rebellion.—*Chicago Sun.*

—Lieutenant Greely now wears long Dundreary whiskers, and these, with his eyeglasses, give him a dandified air rather than the appearance of one who bearded the great bear in his arctic den.—*N. Y. Mail.*

—Mr. Ruskin recently said, in a lecture on "Art:" "I do not speak of the Celtic race because I should now be expected to say Keltic; and I don't mean to, if only for fear that I should next be required to say St. Kekelia."

—George W. Childs, of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, has been made an honorary member of the Baltimore Typographical Union, the oldest printers' union in the United States. Mr. Childs is a good typesetter.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—Rev. T. De Witt Talmage expresses the opinion that he who has no reason for his matrimonial choice except a pretty face "is like a man who should buy a farm for the dahlias in the door-yard." Moreover, "there are times when the plainest wife is a queen of beauty."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—Patti had some odd experiences at Bucharest. The ladies of the audience saluted her by throwing a hundred white pigeons upon the stage. And then a "supe" who had climbed up into the stage loft to have a look at her, fell down and nearly killed himself, and a cry of "Fire!" was raised which almost caused a panic.

—The biggest man in Cincinnati is Fred Madison, who stands six feet ten and a half inches in his stockings, measures sixty inches around the shoulders, weighs two hundred and fifty pounds and is only twenty-one years of age. He got his growth out among the lumber mills of Puget sound and salmon fisheries of the Columbia river.—*Cincinnati Times.*

HUMOROUS.

—The Boston girl doesn't say: "Let's leap the gutter." She remarks: "Let us suddenly overleap the marginal depression of the public thoroughfare."—*Wasp.*

—Are you busy now, Brown? Yes; collecting. Collecting what? My thoughts. Well, you have struck an easy job. You always were a lucky dog.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—"A very funny play, you say?" "Yes, indeed. A couple of dentists' agents travel with us constantly, bottling the air in the theaters during the performance, and their employers use it for laughing gas."—*Tid-Bits.*

—Lady (to applicant)—"What wages will you expect as nurse?" Applicant—"How ould is the babby, mum?" Lady—"Seven months." Applicant—"Without laudanum, mum, two dollars and one-half a wake; wid laudanum, two dollars."—*Harper's Bazar.*

—A London correspondent says: "You can not be asked to the Queen's ball unless you have been at court the same year." That settles it. We shall not look for an invitation this season. Owing to a rush of job work we could not have attended any way.—*Norristown Herald.*

—A tenant had been dancing all night over the head of his landlord. At six in the morning the latter comes up-stairs and complains bitterly of the annoyance. "What annoyance?" asks the tenant. "Why, I haven't slept a wink all night," is the answer. "Neither have I," says the tenant; "and yet I don't make a fuss about it."—*N. Y. Telegram.*

—Magician (pointing to a large cupboard)—"Now, ladies and gentlemen, I take the liberty to present to you the last piece on the programme. I beg a lady in the audience to ascend the stage and enter this cupboard. I will then close it, and when it is opened she will have disappeared entirely." A man to his wife—"Here, old lady, you go on the stage!"—*German Joke.*

—Wife—"Well, Ned, what do you teink Charlie wants now? He asked me to-day if I wouldn't help him tease you to buy him a bicycle." Indulgent father (who once had ambitions himself)—"Bicycle? Nonsense. The boy can't have it. Tell him to go up in the attic and fall down two flight of stairs. It will be just about the same thing, and save me one hundred dollars."—*Somerville Journal.*

—A codfish is the only Annymal that ain't got no neck. There ain't but one kind of a fish in the World that live on the land and Flys round in the air, and that is a fish-hawk. A Codfish has a large mouth and my sunday 'school Teechers got a large mouth too. Two kids got fiteing in the vestry one day and one of em pulled quite a lot of Hare out of the other kids Hed and the Superingtending pounded one of his Eeers with a book and so they quit. A fish would look funny if they had legs and could run.—*Boston boy, in Boston Record.*

Origin of a Chestnut.

The term "chestnut," in its latest use, applies to stale jokes, twice-told tales, and generally to whatever is especially trite. It originated in Philadelphia, and was used previously in connection with the old Chestnut Street Theater of that city. If the remark, witticism or story was musty with age, it was said to be old enough to be got off at that theater. The distinguishing characteristics of the entertainments at that place of amusement were so well known that the word "chestnut" very readily came to have its present slang meaning in that city, and from there it worked itself out until it has come to be National.—*Buffalo Times.*